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Truly True



9 0 1

Chapter 1 by Eduardo Salas

The light grew dimmer and faded. It then grew brighter and whiter. It kept this same pattern. I hesitated to touch it. I put my hand out to touch it. The light faded as I put my hand nearer. As I pulled my hand away, the light grew bright again, but it was red. It continued the same pattern, but it was red. I backed away from the light, but the light only grew brighter and stronger when I did so. The light wanted me, but it rejected my touch. Why does life work in similar ways? I walked back toward the light, but this time the light turned yellow, as if it were happy. I smiled, and the light turned back to red. There is nothing else present but this light and I. The light was the only thing I had, and I was the only one the light had.

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